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With traiterous guile your foes convene,  
To make your fertile fields their own.  
And must your generous bosoms bleed,  
Which scorn'd a treacherous art to know?  
And was this fate for you decreed?  
O turn—to Carmen, do not go!"

"Oft have we listen'd to thy lore,  
And oft shall seek thy counsel sage,  
But now forbear to urge us more,  
Thou man of wisdom and of age.  
Let not thy pure, benignant soul  
The pain of dire Suspicion know;  
Permit not her aspersions foul  
To stain "the brave, repenting foe."†

"Soon shalt thou see these shadows fly  
Before fair Candour's beaming ray!"  
But Patrick veil'd his streaming eye,  
And turn'd in silent grief away.

And now advanc'd the impatient steeds,  
And bore their gallant lords along;  
The fearless breast no danger heeds,  
The guiltless heart forebodes no wrong.

And Barrow roll'd his silver tide,  
Bright sparkling in the solar ray,  
No sanguine stain his waters dyed,  
No clouds obscur'd the golden day.

The Rath on Carmen rises fair,  
"But why in arms the friendly band?"  
Why rang'd in martial order there!  
Why does the weapon fill each hand?

These hands, these eyes with scowling ken  
Their purpose dire too well explain!  
O Patrick of the woody glen,  
Why was thy warning heard in vain?

The embroider'd mantle, roll'd in blood,  
Flows graceful o'er the limbs no more,  
Nor e'er shall cross his silver flood,  
The pride of Barrow's smiling shore.

The pit is fram'd with ruffian speed,  
The pit is dreary, dark and deep,  
Fram'd to receive each gallant head  
In cold oblivion there to sleep.

The mothers, wives and sisters fair,  
Who anxious watch'd the setting day,  
The dainty banquet now prepare,  
And now accuse the long delay.

Ye beauteous ladies, leave your homes,  
Some safer shelter haste to find,  
For lo! the cruel spoiler comes,  
And Rapine has to Murder join'd.

They seize upon these wider domains,  
The flocks, the herds their prey is made,  
Grim terror rules the subject plains,  
And with reluctance is obey'd.

The stain of honour, manhood's shame,  
For Carmen's Rath was this decreed!

† Anna Seward.

While Mullimast, ill-fated name,  
Records the base, the bloody deed!  
The Mountains, which aspiring fair,  
Smiled on the dewy vales below,  
The title now of mourning bear,  
As conscious of the voice of wo.

But vengeance comes—if slow, yet sure,  
Her step pursues the band unblest,  
And conscience bids these pangs endure,  
Which rob the blood-stain'd soul of rest.

Their sons to manhood ne'er shall rise,  
Their youth's soft blossoms shall decay,  
And these fair fields of guilt they prize,  
To other hands shall pass away.

BRIDGET.

#### ANALYSIS OF 1809.

Continued from our last.

ONCE more, sweet Imps, I come to make my bow,  
With meet complacency, inquiring how  
You all have been since last I took my leave;  
And that you now will kindly condescend  
Truly and faithfully (as to a friend)  
Each particle of news to impart, I humbly crave.

Tell how the half-starv'd Irish peasant writhes  
Under the lash of proctor-gather'd tythes;  
How, ministerial apathy denies  
Redress, though sought for by a nation's cries!

Tell, how the *cartier-bartering, borough lord*!  
To drive the Union,—pledg'd—then broke—his word:  
Yet, out of every strape comes off so nice—  
"Sir, *vice*, when omnipresent—is not *vice*!"  
"Plundering the State, to gain a little pelf,  
"Can be no crime—there's Melville and myself—  
"Myriads beside—as all the people know;  
"Then, who, unto my blanket dares say *ho*?  
"Get into office straight, and cheat your fill,  
"And when you're blam'd—quote me and Beauchamp  
"Hill!"

"Stop, stop!" (the Imps I know will now exclaim)  
"Is *Castleknock* still to be your theme?"  
"Some virtues surely you'll allow the lad."  
*Assertion and denial* (don't be pert)  
Join'd with a cold, malignant, callous heart,  
Are all the virtues that he ever had!

"Lord, sir, you really have a curious taste;  
"Sure you'll allow that he is *marvellous chaste*?  
"That *Conning—Perceval* \* \* \* and he  
"Are famous for suppressing *Papery*!  
"Which, in their presence, dare not even sigh;  
"While *Orthodoxy—Revenue—Church and State*,  
"Are wisely guarded from the danger great,  
"That *they in Tolerantion* can espy.

*Allons mes enfants*—answer me again—  
Three victories by Sir Arthur—gain'd in Spain?  
The original—where did his lordship get?  
"The original, sweet sir, what need of that?"

"Such things are made at home," we answer flat—  
The *original*—he did not get it yet!

Well, let us all such foreign subjects change;  
Come now, and soar above your usual range;  
To Bishop's-gate\* we'll march, if you think fit;  
Where many a bloated—loan-contracting sinner  
Sits down to gorge himself, at annual dinner  
Given in honour of his *idol*—Pitt!

See *Canning*—when the sparkling glasses ring  
With health of *Berd'nand*, "*Spain's most lawful*  
"king."<sup>†</sup>

How graciously he'll rise, and make a speech!  
On *British generosity* descant—  
About—"a *universal people*"—rant,  
And on *official secrets wisely preach*!!!

\* *Austria* (with our assistance (next he'll tell 'em)  
"Must take the field—no matter what befell 'em.  
And then convince them all beyond denial  
That—"though she could not hope to win, 'twas  
"right to make the trial."

The trial she has made, to her own cost,  
And like *Sir Cranstoun's elfin dwarf*, may say  
As *Walter Scott* hath written—in the *Lay*  
Of the last *Minstrel*—"Lost—lost—lost!"

Well, gentle *Imps*, your modesty is great,  
"We are not prophets, sir,"—you erst did state,  
Then how the vengeance did you come to know  
The evast of such things so long ago?

"Lord, sir, 'bout Europe many a grievous task  
"You've given us, pray why do you not ask  
"About *America* and its embargo?"

"There's many a pretty ambo-dexter story,  
"Which we could mighty feastly lay before you,  
"Respecting naval stores—and neutral cargoes.

*Edentecullo, 7th June, 1809.*

CALDERONE.

*To be continued.*

### INSENSIBILITY.

ON BEING RALLIED FOR NOT GRIEVING AT  
THE DEPARTURE OF A FEMALE FRIEND.

MY tenderest feelings! ah, where are they fled?  
Those sweetest sensations, say, are they all dead,  
Say, am I no more for a dear friend departed,  
To weep, and to sigh, and to feel broken-hearted.  
There once was a time I could sigh and could weep,  
And thought that my grief was both cruel and deep,  
The scenes all around me produced nought but pain,  
Till my friend should return to these scenes back  
again.

When the trees were all dripping with fine April  
showers,  
And the sun shone upon them, and spangled the  
flowers,  
I thought that my friend with new force could in-  
spire

\* To the London Tavern, we presume.

† Either the minister or the poet must be quizzing;  
is not Charles the Fourth living?

My fancy to see all these charms, and admire.  
Or when in full concert the birds sweetly sang,  
Their songs were divine, yet they caused me a pang  
Or in that fine season when active and gay,  
Youth reap the ripe corn, or toss the new hay;  
I thought if my friend a fair witness had been  
"Twould add a new charm to the plentiful scene;  
Or yet in those days when encircling the fire  
Our wits, and the wits of our friends should conspire  
The dull face of winter to cheer and adorn,  
And forget that all nature is sad and forlorn;  
'Then sad and forlorn in the circle I sat,  
Because my fair friend was not near me to chat;  
My hours were fill'd up with some joy or some sorrow  
Still hoping or fearing the events of to-morrow;  
But in kindness to age which has not but troubles  
Those fanciful evils appear but light bubbles,  
To prepare me for evils my passions are going;  
No more are my joys or my sorrows o'erflowing.  
If I wish for a friend I can patiently wait,  
Till she chooses to come, whether early or late,  
And when she departs I can scarce heave a sigh,  
I kiss, and shake hands, and my eyes remain dry.  
At first when I found that my feelings were gone,  
The rapture they caused I could not but bemoan;  
But now I'm resign'd to esteem as light bubbles  
Both rapturous joys and fanciful troubles.  
May the milder affections still reign in my breast,  
Enjoying the present, and hoping the best;  
Then if real affliction should visit my mind,  
In calm resignation sweet peace may I find,  
But oh! may I feel the griefs of a friend,  
Or my late acquit'd coldness soon come to an end!

FLORA.

WRITTEN ON A LITTLE SUMMER-HOUSE,  
CALLED THE SOLITAIRE.

AND didst thou not know 'twas my  
favourite retreat,  
When retiring from bustle and care,  
In the stillness of Silence to take here  
my seat,  
'Midst the quiet of this Solitaire?

But 'tis lock'd, and an entrance I can-  
not obtain,

And the thought that now thrills on  
my ear  
May be lost in the mazes of business  
and gain,  
Unimproved in this chaste Solitaire.

I remember the day I first enter'd this  
room,

The lawn was new-shorn, soft and  
fair,

And the treasures of summer diffus'd  
a rich bloom,  
Shedding fragrance *dans tout* Solitaire.

Then I thought of the days, when to  
gladness and joy,  
My heart alone panted sincere.